

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SQ.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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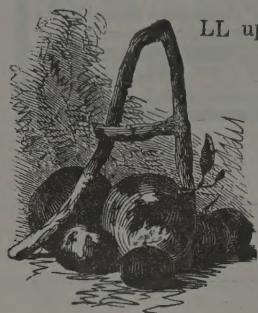
"IS NOT THIS THE CARPENTER'S SON?"

MATT. xiii. 55.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

BY H. G. DURYÉE.

[Christmas has not quite come again, but we give our readers this story in advance of the day, that it may help them to "keep the feast" in the true Christmas spirit. — EDITOR.]



LL up the street and over the house-tops and down the chimneys the tones of the bells danced in Christmas zeal. The snow flew faster from the horses' hoofs because of them, and the children laughed louder, and the icicles glistened brighter, and the wind fairly lost itself in frolic. The baker heard them, and sent an extra cookie into a customer's bag; the butcher heard them, and dropped out of his account certain dog-bones charged to an old lady; even the plumber thawed his habit-frozen thoughts enough to hope that the pipes would n't freeze up for that night at least, — for that night was Christmas Eve, and the bells were Christmas bells.

You could n't escape them, try as you would; and a certain lonely figure walking her parlor floor struggled against them in vain. She had determined most resolutely not to hear them. Others might say they were sweet and merry with the season's gladness, she knew better. They were the same that jingled on the tin-peddler's cart when it vanished round a corner just as you wanted it; they were the same that clattered with the scissors-grinder, who seemed possessed to come round when you had a headache; they were those of the cheap ice-cream man, the forlorn old-clothes man, the umbrellas-to-mend-man, — indeed, they were identified with all that was poverty-stricken and disagreeable, and Miss Merrivale did n't mean to think about them.

She walked to the dining-room door to bid Martha bring more coal for the open grate, but recollected suddenly that Martha had gone home to prepare for the next day. Well, Martha was very sensible in other matters if she fell short in this; and one of Miss Merrivale's pet theories was to let people follow their own tastes. That and a stern determination to do her duty in the world were her most striking qualities.

Every year a certain part of Miss Merrivale's wealth was set apart for charitable purposes, — so much for the heathen, so much for the church, so much for the village poor, although she could n't help thinking this latter class an incumbrance whose stay on the earth should n't be encouraged. "No one need be poor," she was wont to say with decision as she laid aside the allotted sum, "no one; and if they are poor they ought to suffer." But her conscience was strong, and she had been taught that it was her duty to be charitable. There were no home demands, unless one counted Martha the servant, to teach her the blessedness of giving. There had been none for many years, and a solitary life is apt to grow rigid. It gets into grooves, and forgets that there are fields and lawns and wonderful hills on either side.

A slight obstacle, however, had been put in Miss Merrivale's way, and it was jaggling her now as she tried to get past it. That was one reason she was so determined not to hear the bells. It would almost seem as if there had been a conspiracy against her quiet and peace of mind.

First, there had been the sermon on the previous Sunday, and from an inexperienced boy-preacher, too, from the text, "If ye speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not love, ye are become as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal;" then the little book of Drummond, which she had turned over in a bookstore only to find in it the selfsame text; then the anthem, and now the bells. Instead of the old sturdy word "duty" which had been her guide for so long, there rang out the new and perplexing one, — LOVE.

It was no use, Miss Merrivale could not help listening. She dropped into a chair and looked across the softly lighted room to the windows against which the tones were pelting.

"Love, love, love," they said, "all is love!"

"Duty's better, for this is a serious world," she answered back defiantly.

"Be glad, be glad, be glad, and love!"

"Humph, mere sentiment!" and the gold-rimmed eye-glasses fell with the energy of her tone.

But still the bells went on, — now from this church loud and clear, "Love, love, love!" now from that one, softer and far away, "Love, love, give with love, love!" and then all together, "Love, love!"

In spite of herself Miss Merrivale's eyes softened, and as she replaced the glasses there shone out through them a wistful look. Perhaps she had missed something in that just and coldly calculated charity of hers; perhaps there was something left out; perhaps there was a glow in the giving of missionary calico which she had never realized. Now she came to think of it, there had been a time when homely but loving gifts had seemed glorious in her eyes. A carved ruler which was as uncertain as the temper of the small brother who had made it; a pair of wonderful mittens knit by Aunt Betty, whose marriage had turned out anything but a financial success; the numerous pin-cushions, irregular and dumpy, which had accumulated with each year, — and a host of other trifles now dusty or demolished, but eloquent to the backward-looking eyes, popped up. They brought smiles and tears, too; for all the givers, though dead or far away, appeared behind some characteristic prank which had furnished a part of the family fun in the old days.

But what had got into the bells? There was a seductive frolicsome measure to their tones now, an encouraging hilarity.

"Hurry up, up, up!" they went. "Good time coming. Children's Christmas-trees, children's stockings. Well, well, well! come, come!"

The gas quivered in the pink globes as if impatient to get out, the coals sent up eager tongues of flame, and the curtains swayed as the wind charged against the window.

"Come, come, come! come on!"

Miss Merrivale moved restlessly at last, and poked the coals.

"I've a great mind to," she said with a catch of her breath at the idea, and an unusual sense of misgiving. "There are all the things ready, — turkey, cranberry sauce, nuts, and raisins, and I could carry some corn. But where to?"

Miss Merrivale sank back into her chair, the brief flash of animation dying away in blankness. In all her giving she had asked no questions about details. She had made sure that the heads of charities were trustworthy, competent persons, and left to them the rest. Not a forlorn family could she think of, not a "worthy poor;" but the bells seemed not a whit disturbed, —

"All's well, well, well!" they laughed. "Come on, come on!"

"Perhaps it would be," Miss Merrivale hesitated in perplexity, "but I'd like to know how," and then a gleam of light appeared. It brought with it haste and excitement, for the maiden lady rose from her chair and hurried to the closet where her things hung. "It's all a piece of foolishness, I make no doubt," she said as she straightened her bonnet. "But, yes, I'll do it."

"Hurry, hurry, hurry!" encouraged the bells, "for it's well, well, well!"

Miss Merrivale pinned the heavy shawl, and stepped out of her front door with the air of one fleeing from justice. "What nonsense!" she said as the soft flakes of the storm flew at her in dabs, "and you forty years old to-morrow!"

But the now determined lady held her way resolutely down the village street. The bells had stopped ringing, and without their cheering sounds it was very dreary. The street lights fluttered weakly as if the odds were almost too much for them, and all the windows that might have thrown out cheer were coated with the blurring frost. The people she met were all hurrying with bulging pockets and loaded arms. They spoke the season of the year most plainly.

"Most likely she's gone home, or to some charity Christmas-tree."

Miss Merrivale had turned a corner after quite a severe struggle with the wind, and was peering nervously about. For a moment she stood thus a fantastic shape in the snow, then she darted forward.

A shrill childish cry of "Evergreens, evergreens! Ten cents a wreath. Christmas evergreens!" rose above the wind.

Miss Merrivale bore down upon it with unintentional swiftness, and contrary to all her dignified intentions blurted out, "Where do you live?"

Two sharp eyes regarded her for a second, and then their owner answered, "To home, of course."

Miss Merrivale gasped. This was not what the bells had said at all. They had given her no hint of such a reception, and for a moment she was worsted; but she gathered herself together presently and returned to the attack, interrupting the cry of "Evergreens, evergreens!" which was ringing its way out again. "Where is home?" she said, clutching her shawl to keep it from blowing away.

"Down there!" and a dirty thumb jerked itself in a southward direction.

Miss Merrivale gazed helplessly. Doubtless the charitable societies knew the region, but in all her forty years she had never known the streets of that part of the town. "Any brothers or sisters?" she asked faintly.

"Yes, plenty," and the red fingers went up to be blown into some degree of warmth.

"Where are they?"

"Gone to a charity Christmas-tree."

"Why don't you go?"

"Don't want to. Don't like 'em."

"Any mother?"

"Nop."

There was beginning to be a note of kindly tolerance in the tones, and Miss Merrivale felt that she was being humored. At another time she would have resented this, but now she was in pursuit of an object, so she bore it in meekness. In fact she forgot everything but that object, — even that she was half numbed with cold. "Any father?" she asked through chattering teeth.

"Nop."

Miss Merrivale straightened herself against the wind. "Could you — is there anybody to

need you at home so that you could n't come home with me? I would like to have you."

"There ain't no one to need me." The eyes were suspicious and defiant now. "But I ain't a-comin' to your house. I've had things give me before now, an' I don't want no more. I don't go to Christmas-trees, an' I ain't goin' to no one's house, an' there's no one can't badger me. I kin earn somethin', an' that's enough."

"But, child, I'm not going to 'badger' you; I only want you to come and help eat up some Christmas dinner."

The suspicious eyes softened a little, and the voice was not quite so aggressive. "An' you ain't no cerciety?"

"No," answered Miss Merrivale, eagerly.

"Nor a tract woman?"

"No, my dear; I wish I did as much good as either of them."

"An' you want me honest?"

"Yes, I want you very much."

"Well, then, I guess I'll come an' see."

But it was clear as the waif walked along beside Miss Merrivale that she was only going as an experiment,—that she had pledged herself to no approval of what she found. Where, oh where, were the bells?

The solitary policeman, as he saw the well-known figure and its strange guest enter the grim house, chuckled. "What's come over the old lady?" he wondered irreverently. "Sudden insanity, bet a dollar."

And Miss Merrivale was not sure herself but it was a touch of that disease which had led to her experiment, for it was turning out in anything but the way she had expected.

There was a degree of stoicism in the thin little face which to a novice in individual Christmas philanthropy was appalling. Never a wink or blink betrayed how strange and incomprehensible the luxurious rooms were; never a muscle relaxed in pleasure at the soft warmth; and as for consciousness of her own incongruous dress, the child seemed to possess not a touch of it.

But the sharp eyes followed every movement of Miss Merrivale with a guarded question in their depth. "I don't believe in ye a bit," they seemed to say, "an' I'm just goin' to see what it all means."

Miss Merrivale's heart sank, as one after another topic of conversation died a monosyllabic death, and the stiff little figure sat uncomfortably straight on the edge of a chair. It was one of the most embarrassing half hours in her life, and she hurried the dinner on the table, hoping that this at least would bring forth some of the pleasure she had anticipated giving. But even that was a failure as far as the child was concerned. She ate it solemnly, and got through long before Miss Merrivale thought a child ought to get through; then she sat and looked at the wrinkled face opposite her with that same question: "What does it all mean?" And Miss Merrivale, feeling completely at sea in this new experience, looked back a forlorn question of her own, "What will it all amount to?" It seemed to her at that moment as if those bells had been bewitched when they called her. It must have been somebody else they were summoning, or else she had got their message wrong. Clearly this was not what they had meant.

But it was necessary to do something. Two persons can't sit staring at each other forever even if they are in a predicament; and Miss Merrivale, with a woful loss of vivacity, suggested the parlor. "Here are some picture-

books," she said hesitatingly. "You can look them over while I am putting away the food,—if you will excuse me." And then she went back to the dining-room, and scrupulously cleared the snowy cloth. She sighed as she did so, and wished she could make the process twice as long, for while she was doing that she couldn't be subjected to those suspicious eyes.

Miss Merrivale was very nearly ready to give up and send the child home; but that seemed a cowardly way out, and so unlike the spirit of departed Merrivales that it caused even this descendant a pang. She sat down for a moment and stared at one particularly bright coal in the Franklin stove (it was her admitted weakness to have as near an approach to a fireplace in each room as she could), as if that were the author of her discomfiture, and had almost persuaded herself that in some unaccountable way it was, when a timid touch startled and recalled her to herself.

Miss Merrivale turned her head with nervous quickness, to find the child standing at her elbow. The eyes had lost their suspicious look, and robbed of this were soft and wistful. It was wonderful what a change it made in the face, and Miss Merrivale observing it felt a sudden warning toward the waif which had not been present in her preparations for the dinner. She smiled at the awkward involuntary little figure, and held out an encouraging hand with such a genuine unconstrained motion that the child moved nearer.

"You ain't like what I thought, at all." To Miss Merrivale the shy embarrassed words were full of a delicious music. "An'—an' I like ye. You kin tell me to wash my face an' mend my close an' stay in off the streets after this, ef you want to. I won't flare up, honest, fur I like ye."

The big clock by the window clicked out sixty soft seconds, and then Miss Merrivale's arm went around the narrow shoulders with bashful tenderness. "I don't know what you thought, dear," she said, marvelling at the warm glow which had come into her heart at this street waif's words, "but I am only a lonely woman who wants to help a little girl have a happy time this Christmas Eve."

The brown eyes looked up into the faded gray ones, and the brown head slowly nestled against the offered shoulder, with complete trustfulness and surrender. She had ceased to ask what it meant.

The clock ticked on serenely, and the fire crackled cheerfully.

"Will ye tell me some stories?" piped an eager voice out of the silence which followed.

And the delighted woman answered recklessly, "A hundred."

So Miss Merrivale threaded her way back through a past of Bluebeards and Cinderellas and Puss in Boots, and was so deep in the cave with Aladdin that she hardly heard the first strokes of the nine o'clock bells. But as one after another the church belfreys sent out their announcement, she halted Aladdin in his course and smiled. "It *was* well," she answered them with happy emphasis,—"it *was* well."

And in the coming years the forlorn home from which the seller of evergreen wreaths had come realized this also; for a loving-kindness was brought into it which wrought such miracles as loving-kindness is working the world over.

GLEANERS we in life's great harvest;
Seeking, in each lowly spot,
Tender grains of sweetest promise,
By the reapers heeded not.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

PAPYRUS.

BY S. L. CLAYES.

THE subject of this sketch has a large claim upon our interest, as being the substance upon which those nations with whose record in the past we are most familiar wrote out their religion, their thoughts, their history, and their culture for many centuries; and it has been the means of preserving all these for us.

Papyrus is supposed to be the first true paper that ever was made. It was used by the ancient Egyptians for their writings; and Memphis is believed to be the place where it was originally manufactured. It was made from a species of reed that once grew in great abundance upon the banks of the Nile. The plant is still found growing in Egypt, but has now become rare; it is thought not to have been a native of the country, but introduced from some foreign land, and probably one lying farther to the north.

Papyrus thrives best upon very marshy ground, or even in pools of still water. Its root is bent and twisted, of strong, woody fibre and pleasant, aromatic smell; and it creeps about in every direction. From this root rises a green, leafless stem of triangular shape, that grows to a height of from ten to fifteen and sometimes twenty feet, gradually tapering toward its top, where it is crowned by a graceful, drooping plume of flowers.

The inner portion of the stem is composed of a sort of pithy substance, white and firm. Inside the green bark, and enveloping the pith, are a number of thin, delicate pellicles; and it is from this part of the plant that the paper was made.

In the process the pellicles were first carefully lifted and separated by a kind of needle, pains being taken to avoid tearing them, and to keep each as large as the size of the stem would permit. These delicate sheets, after being trimmed and made even at their edges, were placed upon a flat surface, lying side by side and end to end, just touching one another, until a piece of sufficient size was formed. Upon this another layer of the sheets was placed at right angles to the first, and again others added in the same manner until the requisite thickness was attained. Then the whole was moistened with water from the Nile, then while wet was subjected to a considerable pressure, and afterward exposed to the rays of the sun. When newly made, the paper was flexible and nearly white, being only slightly tinted with brown; but the specimens which we find to-day have, through the action of time, grown to be of a dark color and very brittle.

For a long time there was an idea, which was encouraged if not originated by the Egyptians, that the papyrus could not be successfully treated in any other country; that a substance which was to be found only in the Nile water was essential to the adhesion of the layers. This, however, was finally proved to be due to a saccharine and glutinous matter contained in the plant itself.

This paper had been common in Egypt for centuries before it came into general use among the Greeks, which was not until after the time of Alexander the Great. In spite of the fact that it commanded an exorbitant price, it was not long after its introduction into Greece before it became the paper of the period, as it continued to be until as late as the seventh century. This was the paper of Christ's time. It was upon

papyrus that the whole of the New Testament was originally written, as well as the works of all the earlier Christian writers.

While it is as the material of the paper in use for many centuries that papyrus has become most famous, it was also utilized for other purposes. It proved so plastic that it was pressed into ornaments of various kinds, including crowns. Sandals were made of it; and it was found to be so well calculated to resist the action of water that it was even used for boats. The root was dried and burned for fuel; and the pith when boiled was found to be palatable, and was eaten by the Egyptians as food.

The Romans, finally learning the secret of its culture and manufacture, raised it upon the marshy lands of the Tiber; and among other things, their famous Sibylline Leaves were written upon it.

A HALF-HOUR CHAT.

BY ISABEL SHAW.



UNCLE PENN, we are to begin an after-supper talk to-night, you know; so you will not engage to anybody else?" And merry Jo, the spokesman for a group of girls and boys equipped with school-bags and luncheon-baskets, looked back from the

open door. Uncle Penn promised; and the six small people ran to join passing schoolmates.

Again, at the cheery evening meal, a half-dozen eager faces assembled, and at its close as many pairs of hands laid siege to Uncle Penn's button and button-hole. Twilight was locking the world in to darkness and storm; but grouped so snugly, all in the library,—"the social library," as the elder children termed it, for each of them claimed warm friendship with many a volume there,—who minded wind and rain? Baby was admitted to their circle, and climbed to the uncle's knee, holding fast a gayly pictured primer. Uncle Penn's namesake seldom slighted his privileges, and having arranged himself to his own satisfaction and that of the company, allowed the meeting to proceed.

"It was on such a night as this, and such as this will be," said Uncle Penn, "that I first saw the storm-petrel. A large number followed our ship in the wake of a late storm. They delight in the wildest kind of weather. At that time I was a sailor lad about Corry's age, nearly fourteen, and had been anxious to see one of these 'daring little tars,' as one of our old seamen called them.

"There are several genera of petrels, and a large number of species. Corry, explain," added Uncle Penn, as Jo raised questioning eyes to his.

"Well, all together we are one Dodge family,—'genus' means family,—but we little Dodges taken apart are each one a species, and more than one family are genera. Is that about it, Uncle Penn?"

"Very well stated, sir, as I see by Jo's eyes. The species I saw at this time was that called by seamen 'Mother Carey's chickens.' This species is small, only about five inches long, and feeds upon small marine animals which are tossed hither and thither near the surface of the sea in stormy weather; and these active little petrels

can then easily reach their prey. 'Stormy petrels' this genus is named.

"These birds followed the ship for days, evidently hoping for waste to be cast overboard. They had black beaks and legs. The nests they build are of leaves and earth, and are hidden on rocky shores among the crevices, often three or four feet down, sometimes under stones on the beach. In each nest is laid one egg, about an inch long, having tiny red dots on its large end.

"These petrel families are all webfooted; some species have a hind toe shaped like a three-cornered claw. All are very strong and swift of wing, and fly with wings outstretched, but do no flapping,—only spread them to the wind, and sail through the air almost without motion. No nineteenth century air-ship will ever approach the brave little petrel.

"There are large petrels, three feet in length, having yellow beaks and legs. This species make the Falkland Islands their headquarters, and lay their eggs on the sandy shores. Corry read us a little about these islands yesterday,—a group of rocky, rather desolate islands in the South Atlantic."

"I know," said Jo, whose favorite study was geography. "I found them on my globe map. Wolves, foxes, and wild cattle and grass are found there; and the grass is richer and sweeter than that found anywhere else."

"Petrels," resumed Uncle Penn, "delight in wild, lonely places. The most of them lay their eggs on the top of ragged rocks, or in crevices high up in the faces of cliffs. It is only 'Mother Carey's chickens'—the 'sea-swallows' is another name given to them—that are in any sense nest-builders.

"Still another species is the fork-tailed American petrel. Its legs and feet are brown, and the rest of its uniform is bluish-gray. It frequents the coast of Oregon and Alaska. It is eight inches long. On the California coast is found a black petrel.

"The Arctic petrel is a sturdy bird. Its head and neck are white, and the remainder is a grayish-blue. Each eye looks like a single black spot. St. Kilda, an island off Scotland, is its favorite haunt. This petrel it is which finds its way up north after the most venturesome whaler, and feeds on blubber thrown over the vessel. During the autumn and winter it frequently comes this way as far as Long Island.

"Petrels skim over the ocean's surface as only petrels can, and have been seen to run rapidly along on the water; and when thus running, their wings closed snugly to their bodies, look like a man with his hands in his pockets.

"The name 'petrel' is a diminutive of Peter. You remember the story in the New Testament which says that the Apostle Peter once walked on the sea; and this bird from its own fashion of so doing has derived its name from the apostle, so 't is said."

"Is an albatross a species too?" asked Jo.

"No; an albatross is the largest of all seabirds. But our half-hour is more than up, and Baby here is fast asleep over Bo-Peep and all her sheep."

So Uncle Penn surrendered the slumbering little man to the nurse-maid, and bowed to his audience.

The fields are bare, but the great trees wear
White robes on the stern hillside;
The sky is cold but the heart is bold,
And the hearthstone glows with fire;
Then sing, oh sing, till the echoes ring,
The song of the angel-choir.

TWO LITTLE STREET MUSICIANS.

"Merry Christmas to all who are loved."

[Translated from the French of Hector Malot for EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.]



during the fierce winds and thick-falling snow of a storm in winter we appreciate more keenly the comforts we find within the four walls of our homes; so while we read the following account of the little musicians, may we learn, by our pity and sympathy for the poor, homeless orphans, to value still more the love of parents and friends. And may we also be prompted to remember with kind words and with useful gifts the poor whom we "have always with us,"—whom we do not have to seek very far from our own pleasant and comfortable homes.

"Mattia with his violin and I with my harp left our lodging-place every evening between eight and nine o'clock. First, we traversed the streets and courts where carriages were no longer passing; for we must find a quiet place, so that our music should penetrate through closed doors and windows, rousing the children in their beds, and by our melodies tell them that Christmas was near,—Christmas, the day so dear to all English hearts.

"Hour after hour passed, as we went from house to house. Later, we could go where the carriages were bringing home the people who had been to the theatres. These noisy streets seemed quiet after the tumult of the daytime. We played our tenderest, sweetest airs. With sad and solemn sounds Mattia's violin wept, my harp lamented. When we stopped to rest for a moment, the wind would bring us a strain of the music that other bands were playing in the distance.

"Our concert is ended. 'Ladies and gentlemen, good-night! Goodnight, and Merry Christmas to you!'

"We would then go to another square, and begin again to play.

"How delightful it must have been for children in their happy homes, comfortably in bed and covered with soft down, to listen to our sweet music! There was no covering, no downy warmth, for the poor musicians, shivering in the street, half frozen. We must play, though our fingers grew stiff and numb. Sometimes the skies were thick, the fog with its dampness penetrating our thin clothing; or clear and bright, and then a bitter north wind chilled us to the marrow. Never was it soft and mild; this Christmas weather was cruel. For three weeks we never failed for a single night, but kept on playing and singing through the streets.

"How many times, before the shops were closed, have we stopped to gaze longingly into the windows where fowls, fruit, and confectionery were displayed. I would say,—

"'Mattia, look at the beautiful fat geese, the great turkeys, the white fowls, the pyramids of oranges and apples, the heaps of chestnuts and prunes!'

"How that candied fruit made our mouths water! Happy are the children whose parents give them these delicious dainties! How joyfully they run to the arms open to embrace them!

"And we, poor little boys, friendless and miserable in the streets of London, we envied the children who were enjoying these happy family festivals, not only in the beautiful mansions of the rich, but in the poor man's cottage.

"'Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!' to all who are loved."



THE CHILDREN'S CARNIVAL.

Our Letter-Box.

CORRECT answers have been received from Mary K. Maxam, Almira W. Bates, Gertrude Melvin, and Daisy Bigelow. We are pleased that Mary Russell has answered so well the Bible question asked in Letter-Box in No. 2 of E. O. S. Jesus was in Bethany at other times also. Can she or any one else tell whom he visited, and anything of the visits?

WESTON, MASS., Oct. 18, 1891.

DEAR EVERY OTHER SUNDAY,—In your paper of September 27 you ask for answers to the question, "How many times and under what circumstances did Jesus visit Mary and Martha?" He visited them twice. The first time Martha wanted to make a feast for him, but Mary sat at his feet to listen. When Lazarus died, Jesus went again to Bethany, and raised him from the dead. I am ten years old, and I found these answers myself.

Your friend,

MARY RUSSELL.

GROTON, MASS.

TO EVERY OTHER SUNDAY,—I am a little girl nine years old. I go to the grammar school. I like my teacher very much. I study six studies; they are history, language, spelling, reading, arithmetic, and geography. Our Sunday-school is small, but very, very pleasant, and I like to go; but I cannot always go, because I live quite a ways from the church. We have a very pleasant superintendent. He has a long white beard, and once some children called him Santa Claus. Well, I must say good-by.

Your little friend,

CATHERINE E. WOOLLEY.

ACROSTIC IV.

1. ONE of the seven chamberlains who served King Ahasuerus.
2. The prophet who healed the unwholesome waters.
3. A lake near Nazareth.
4. The king of Judea at the time of Jesus' birth.
5. The eldest of Laban's daughters.
6. A cunning hunter.
7. One who took her son into the wilderness.
8. A beautiful Jewish maiden who became queen.
9. A Jew who sat at King Ahasuerus's gate.

My whole is the town of Jesus' birth.

G. B. GERRISH.

ACROSTIC V.

1. ONE of the Eastern States.
2. A very common fruit.
3. A street.
4. A very common metal.
5. The tree which grows from acorns.
6. We use in a game of tennis.
7. "Staff of life."
8. Children like to gather in the fall.
9. Where the "crazy bone" lies.
10. A water-snake.
11. A petted animal.
12. Something we wear on our heads.
13. Used to cut wood.
14. Boys should wipe their feet on.

The whole the name of the writer, a little girl nine years old.

GUESS.

ACROSTIC VI.

1. AN odorous vegetable.
2. A kind of cotton cloth.
3. A river in England.
4. A Southern fruit.
5. The capital of a New England State.
6. One of the Old Testament historical books.
7. The last book in the Bible.

The whole is one of the months of the year.

BESSIE ADAMS.

ENIGMA XIX.

I AM composed of twenty-six letters.

My 2, 3, 24, is a pronoun.

My 15, 14, 16, 13, 12, is not day.

My 26, 23, 4, is a domestic animal.

My 18, 17, 19, 24, 23, 16, 6, 18, is a gas.

My 15, 9, 7, 11, is very clean.

My 12, 23, 14, 25, is to labor.

My 22, 14, 10, 21, is prudent.

My 5, 9, 10, 8, is to repose.

My 1, 20, 3, is an article.

My whole is the name of a book.

GERTRUDE MELVIN.

ENIGMA XX.

I AM composed of sixteen letters.

My 11, 12, 13, keeps us warm.

My 3, 11, 7, 8, 1, 4, is a book in the Old Testament.

My 2, 9, 10, 16, is an adverb used to emphasize.

My 14, 15, 16, is a division of the week.

My 5, 6, 12, is a pronoun.

My whole is a paper that interests many people.

BESSIE ADAMS.

ENIGMA XXI.

I AM composed of twelve letters.

My 4, 1, 2, is a boy.

My 4, 12, 6, 11, is used for wounds.

My 3, 7, 10, everybody is obliged to do.

My 8, 3, 9, is a vegetable.

My 8, 5, 6, is a useful article.

My whole is the name of a noted singer.

B. L. MERRITT.

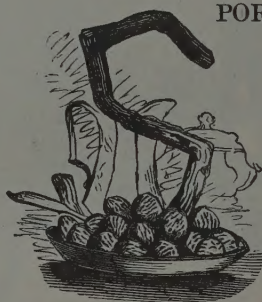
ANSWERS TO PUZZLE IN No. 6.

Enigma XVIII. Lucia J. Gibbon.

For Youngest Readers.

SUCH A SCARE!

BY JENNIE WHITE.



PORT was standing at the outside door opening into the dining-room, waiting for his breakfast. Within, his mistress was clearing the table, and Sport, with his black nose pressed against the screen-door watched her eagerly, as she gathered up the pieces of meat and bread and potato, and wagged his tail in joyous expectation of the feast he should soon enjoy.

So engaged was he with these interesting preparations, that he did not hear footsteps coming up the walk until they were close behind him; then turning quickly with a bark of startled surprise, he saw a strange man standing there with hat in hand bowing low to the mistress who had come to the door. He was a rough-looking fellow, and carried a big box-like arrangement hung over his shoulder with a broad strap.

Sport decided he was not to be tolerated for an instant; so assuming his very fiercest air he began barking and snarling in a way to strike terror to the boldest pedler

or tramp, and would have driven the intruder away very quickly had not his mistress, seeing that the man was a very harmless looking Italian organ-grinder, checked Sport, and asked the stranger what he wanted.

"Plees-a mees-a lil' eat-a," he replied, pointing to the half-cleared breakfast-table and then to his mouth.

The lady understood, and bidding him be seated on the porch, she brought him some breakfast, which he ate with evident relish and seemed grateful for. When he had finished he said,—

"Me no moan-a, me play-a moo-seek;" and picking up his organ which he had set down on the ground during his meal, and adjusting the strap over his shoulder again, he seized the handle and struck up a merry tune.

Now, if Sport had been a city dog this would have been a very ordinary and everyday sort of incident; but he was a country dog, born and bred, and in all his life he had never seen a hand-organ. From the moment of this one's first appearance he had regarded the mysterious box with evident suspicion mixed with curiosity. Walking slowly round and round it, he had taken it in from every possible point of observation; then venturing nearer, he had closely inspected strap, crank, and cover, applying his suspicious and inquisitive nose to each in turn; but he had not, apparently, reached any satisfactory conclusion about it when his search for knowledge was interrupted by its grateful owner.

While the organ was being re-adjusted, Sport stood close by watching the proceedings with an air of deep interest and a look of inquiry; but with the first turn of the crank there was a sudden change in his dog-ship's attitude and appearance. With a look of horrified amazement, he leaped frantically into the air, and with a howl of terror fled for his life down the hill toward the barn, never stopping till that place of safety was reached, and refusing to venture from his hiding-place until the cause of his sudden flight had left the place.

LADY GAY.

BY H. K.

LITTLE KATHLEEN was staying this summer at the roomy old homestead on grandfather's farm, and she ran about out-of-doors as she never had before; for she had lived in the city the four years of her happy little life. There she could only walk demurely by her mother's side on the hard stone pavements, though Mamma always let her hop over the little gutters when they crossed the streets.

Kathleen's mother said, as she put a big shade-hat on her little girl's curly head "You'll be careful, Kathleen?"

"What harm can come to her, Auntie?" asked Mabel, who, country born and bred, had been allowed ever since she could remember to climb over the ledge of rocks, wade in the brooks, and sometimes to ride on the top of the high load of hay when it was carried from the big meadow to the barn.

"Nothing, for you will take care of her," Kathleen's mother answered smiling, as she watched Mabel, who in the wisdom of her nine years guided Kathleen carefully down the steps of the old farm-house.

The little girls wandered on and on, past the big meadow, till they came to a little grove of trees. They sat down to rest. Mabel began to make a wreath of oak-leaves for the little one's hat; but Kathleen spied the gleam of a little rippling brook which sparkled as it danced over a pebbly bottom.

"Oh, the pretty water, the pretty water!" she exclaimed; and running down the slope as fast as her little fat legs could carry her, she stumbled and fell just as she reached the side of the brook.

Mabel screamed, and dropping her leaves she sprang after the child; for she lay face downward in the water, and not a sound escaped from her lips. The water was not deep, and Kathleen struggled; but in a moment Mabel was wading up to her knees, and had pulled her little cousin to the bank.

"The pretty water wet me, didn't it, Mabel?" said Kathleen, as she stood safe on the green grass where Mabel had placed her, the water streaming from her hat and curls, her wet garments clinging closely to her little figure.

Mabel looked ruefully at her own feet. "My shoes and stockings are wet through and through," she answered. "Now we must go home and get some dry clothes, and your Mamma will scold."

"Mamma don't scold; she says I must be like Lady Gay. How funny the water feels in my shoes!"

"The bottom of my dress is wet; come, we must get home as fast as we can."

Mabel looked anxious and troubled, and she sobbed a little as they went up the old stone steps that led to the kitchen door; but Kathleen called out, "Bridget, Bridget! I've been in the pretty water!"

"Faith, you look as though you had been in my wash-tub," said Bridget. "Why didn't you take better care of her, Mabel?"

But when Kathleen's Mamma heard the story, she said, "Mabel was very brave to wade into the water above her knees, and get herself so wet in her care of you, Kathleen."

"I was brave too, Mamma! Mabel was naughty, and cried; I was like Lady Gay, — I didn't scream or cry," said happy little Kathleen.

A GOOD TIME FOR TWO.

BY M. LOUISE FORD.

PAUL was having a good time all by himself. That is, he thought he was having a good time; but all the while his conscience was pricking him, and he did n't feel just easy.

And what do you suppose he was doing to amuse himself?

That bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy, with a bicycle waiting by the gate, a croquet set on the lawn, a nice hammock under the shady trees, and several other pleasant amusements to draw him out of doors, stood by the parlor window watching — I am almost ashamed to tell you what — a poor wingless fly, as it wandered up and down the pane, eagerly trying to escape from its tormentor.

Somebody passed through the hall just then, and with a guilty start Paul left the window and his poor suffering victim, and ran out to the hammock for a swing. It was cool and quiet there, and before he knew he was even sleepy, he was fast asleep.

"I've got you now!" said a heavy voice. Paul looked up in fright, and saw, looking down at him with his snapping black eyes, an immense blue-bottle fly.

"My sakes! But you're a bouncer!" he exclaimed, "most as big as I am."

His voice sounded so queer he didn't know what to make of it; and just then he happened to glance down at his hands, and then at his feet.

The sight frightened him still more; for he saw that he had grown so small he hardly knew himself, and what was worse he grew smaller and smaller every minute.

"Yes, I've got you, I've got you!" buzzed the big fly, coming nearer and nearer, and making a grab at the poor little fellow.

"I'll pull off your arms and make you amuse me. We'll see how you like that," buzzed the fly.

With a frantic scream Paul made a spring to escape.

The next minute he was picking himself up from the ground, the hammock was wrong side up, and a big bumble-bee was just flying away over his head.

"H'm! That's the way they feel, is it?" he exclaimed, brushing himself with his hands, which he was so glad to find the usual size.

"That was n't a very long lesson, but I guess I've learned it, and sha'n't forget it in a hurry. It's mighty mean business to be in, that's a fact."

Whatever the "it" was, he did not stop to explain, but jumped upon his bicycle and was off for a spin.

SO MUCH BETTER.

BY JENNIE WHITE.



OSCAR and his little cousin Hazel were spending the day at Grandma's, as they often did; and while Grandma sat in her own particular corner of the sitting-room sewing, the two children were playing horse in another corner, with the lounge for their carriage and two chairs for their horses.

"When I gets big," began Hazel, "I'se going to have a cah-wage my own self, and wide in it."

"Well," said Oscar, "when I get big I'm going to drive one of Papa's coal-carts."

Now, he had expected that Hazel would approve of his plan, but instead she looked very much grieved, and finally began to cry as though her heart were broken.

Poor little Oscar was both surprised and distressed at this turn in affairs, and putting his arm around Hazel's neck he asked anxiously what made her cry.

At first the little girl could not answer for her sobs; but when Grandma took her up on her lap and asked again what the trouble was, she stopped long enough to say, —

"I don't want Oc-sah to drive a coalcaht; nobody but mens with black faces drives coalcahts! P'ease, Oc-sah, don't you do w'at."

And the tears began to flow again at the thought of her beloved "Oc-sah" becoming one of those dreaded "mens with black faces."

"No, no, Hazel, I won't if you don't want me to," said the boy, patting her cheek lovingly. Then a bright thought struck him, and he added, —

"If you won't cry any more, Hazel, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll ask Mr. Warner to let me drive his 'bus!"

"Oh," exclaimed the little lady, clapping her hands with delight, and smiling with the tears still in her eyes, "that will be nice, Oc-sah; and I can wide in it, can't I?"

"Yes, indeed," was Oscar's prompt reply, looking greatly pleased to see his cousin happy again.

And with their arms around each other, they went back to their sofa-carriage and resumed their interrupted drive, talking earnestly of the time when they should both be "big" and ride in Mr. Warner's 'bus, — a wonderful affair all in yellow and red and green paint, that carried passengers back and forth between depot and hotel.

And Grandma smiled as she listened to their prattle, — just as Grandmas will.

THE daylight fades,
The evening shades
Are gathering round my head;
Father above,
I own the love
That smoothes and guards my bed.

Teachers' Department.

ETHICS FOR THE YOUNG.

1. The Right Road. By John W. Kramer. New York: Thomas Whittaker. pp. 282. Price, \$1.25.
2. Primer of Ethics. Edited by B. R. Comegys. Boston: Ginn & Co. pp. 127. Price 40 cents.
3. Duty: A Book for Schools. By Julius H. Seelye, D.D., late President of Amherst College. Boston: Ginn & Co. pp. 71. Price 30 cents.
4. Ethics for Young People. By C. C. Everett, Bussey Professor of Theology in Harvard University. Boston: Ginn & Co. pp. 185. Price 50 cents.
5. Character Building: A Master's Talks with his Pupils. By E. P. Jackson, A.M. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. pp. 230. Price \$1.00.
6. The Laws of Daily Conduct. By N. P. Gilman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. pp. 149. Price \$1.00.

Six manuals or hand-books for teaching ethics to young people have lately come to us from the publishers. They are all, with one possible exception, excellent books to aid teachers and parents in preparing talks to children on practical morals. Sunday-school teachers will find in nearly every one of them hints, suggestions, and illustrations which they can turn to good account in teaching ethics to their pupils. Indeed, the first book in the list, "The Right Road," would make an admirable Sunday-school text-book if put into the hands of a wise teacher. Its most striking feature is its wealth of illustrative stories and incidents. As the author tells us in his Preface: "These stories are intended not merely to explain the teaching, but also to enforce it," and are often used where no explanation is required. Unlike Nos. 4, 5, and 6, Mr. Kramer's manual gives ethical instruction on the basis of religion. It reaches up to the thought of Christian theism. The "Right Road" is shown to begin from God and to lead to Him. Yet throughout the manual *practical morals*—the duties that are close at hand—receive chief attention. Ethics is taught mainly "from the near end." The treatment of the virtues which make a noble character is pictorial rather than didactic. The author depicts a duty in lively colors, and then calls on the child to see its beauty and own its power. Although the book comes to us from Episcopalian sources, the religion which it inculcates is, in the main, that which all Unitarians approve.

The "Primer of Ethics" (No. 2 in our list) is an admirable redaction of Jacob Abbott's book, "The Rollo Code of Morals." Here, too, the story-telling method of teaching is followed. A principle is no sooner stated than it is illustrated. When it is remembered that no other modern books for children surpass the "Rollo" series in the insight they show into child-nature and child-life, the value of this ethical manual cannot easily be overstated.

President Seelye's "Duty" (No. 3 in our series) has disappointed us. We find no fault with its somewhat aggressive *theism*, though we think ethical teaching loses as much by association with a spirit of dogmatism as it gains when given in a truly religious spirit. Dr. Seelye's book seems to us weak as a manual of "duty." There is too much analysis in it, too little of synthetical and stimulating statement. In place of glowing pictures we are given black-and-white outlines. No reader or student of this little book would ever feel as Wordsworth felt when in an ecstasy of ethical emotion he spoke of duty as wearing—

"The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon its face."

Professor Everett's "Ethics for Young People" is in every way a notable book. Its author touches no subject that he does not render attractive. In this school-manual the philosophic theologian who

knows how to expound the thought of Hegel, — the accomplished critic of literature who discourses eloquently of "Poetry, Comedy, and Duty," — explains to the young the "way of life," and sets forth in simple language the laws of right doing. If we may venture upon a single criticism, we should say that the accomplished author has too much circumscribed his task. Having shown the obvious imperfections of the "ethics of custom" and the need of having moral principles as starting-points in the activities of our lives, Professor Everett goes on to unfold much of the very ethics of custom which he has just pronounced against. We cannot help feeling all the while that a morality which is inspired and nourished by religion would have been a far more congenial subject for our author to write about. Still, within its limitations, he has given us a valuable and a helpful book. There is always a stimulus to reflection when, as in reading this manual, we seem to hear a profound student of human nature *thinking aloud* on common themes; especially is this the case when the author "sees straight and thinks clear." No teacher of youth can read carefully Professor Everett's little volume without gaining fresh insight as well as breadth of view.

The last two manuals in our list (Nos. 5 and 6) belong together. They were written originally as prize essays for the "American Secular Union," — a prize of one thousand dollars offered by that Society having been equally divided between Mr. Jackson and Mr. Gilman. By the terms of the competition, all essays that might be offered were required to set forth "the purest principles of morality without inculcating religious doctrine."

Mr. Jackson's manual, entitled "Character Building," is written in the form of school-talks on questions of conduct and motive. The defect of this method of treatment is obvious. While the author (himself a very successful teacher) makes the school-master in these talks a real character, we are continually stopping to ask whether the pupils would always reason and converse in just the way they are represented as doing in the book. On the other hand, such make-believe conversations give a very realistic air to the discussion of the practical problem of morality. The best use for any teacher to make of them is to let them serve as hints for methods. If he can succeed in presenting the questions of right and wrong with enlightening and quickening power, his own pupils will carry on the talk with sufficient animation, if not always with discrimination.

Mr. Gilman's manual on "The Laws of Daily Conduct," though last in our list, is by no means least in educational value. On the contrary, we are inclined to give it the first place as a real help to the teacher of ethics. If he finds here few illustrations from life, few illuminating incidents and stories, he has in the author a wise guide who makes the right way plain. Under the general conception of the moral life as "life lived under law," Mr. Gilman interests us at once in each separate class of duties or virtues as being the natural and rational way of living. All is law, but all is joy and peace and blessedness. In making us see what a duty is, the author makes us desire to do what it demands. This is the highest kind of success in the work of moral education; and it makes Mr. Gilman's manual an invaluable handbook for every parent and every teacher, whether in day-school or Sunday-school, who would help young people in their efforts to know and do the right.

METHODS OF STUDY.

It may safely be said that we would better do a thing at times in what is not the very best way than not do it at all. In all study, as in all business, a definite method is half the battle. In the financial world any fixed policy whatever that can be understood and depended upon is better than a "happy-go-lucky" way of having no policy. The same is true of methods of education. Here also want of

system is worse than a system which in itself may be very defective. If we could imagine our public schools left to drift with the tide of the teachers' chance desires and the pupils' vagrant whims, we should say that *any* curriculum, even an arrangement by which all the classes should study the same book — say, Colburn's *Arithmetic* — through one entire school year, would be a decided gain. Of course, what we actually find in the public schools is a system of classification and grading based upon long and thorough study of the growth and development of children's minds.

Given an equally competent and well-trained body of teachers for our Sunday-schools, and no question could arise as to the desirability of following a similar system in these schools. A scheme of graded courses of Sunday-school studies would then be as practical as it is ideal. To teach children religion and ethics in any other way would seem as absurd as to try to build houses by disregarding the plans of architects and builders, and putting the timbers together as children pile up their little blocks to make houses for their dolls.

Most of the advocates of the uniform-lesson method in Sunday-school teaching urge this method, not as a rational ideal, but as a practical expedient. The average teacher, they say, makes little or no preparation for her task, and is often lacking in origination power. She requires continually what in college parlance is called "coaching." In other words, the Sunday-school "faculty" have as a rule little or no faculty for teaching. It is necessary, therefore, so these advocates plead, to put them all into a common training-school. Under present conditions this training-school must be the weekly teachers' meeting. In order to get the most out of the teachers' meeting, it is further necessary that all the teachers have the same lesson first to study together and afterwards to teach to their respective classes. Moreover, it is claimed, and rightly so, that under these conditions some schools do more and better work, and gain in steadiness and unity of purpose as well as in enthusiasm, in comparison with schools in which each class sets its own lessons, and does its work as a separate unit, out of all organic and vital relation with the rest of the school.

Now, it will be observed that in all this discussion the deficiencies of the teachers, not the needs of the pupils, are made the determining factor in settling the question of method. The lurking fallacy is the same as that which is concealed in Mr. Dole's graphic illustration (given in his "Questions for Bible Study") of a family studying together first one subject and then another, as they make their frequent journeyings to lands beyond the sea. The previous question in this case would be, Would wise parents take their children, old and young alike, on such yearly study tours? Is there not something better for nine-year-old Willie to do than to go this season to England and the Continent to compare the architecture of their cathedrals, and next season to visit Europe to study, as he steps into his teens, the paintings and sculpture of famous foreign galleries? Doubtless he would learn *something* on each journey, especially as his parents would go prepared by previous reading and study to explain everything that would be of interest to the boy; but educational tours for children should be arranged primarily with reference to the children's aptitudes and needs, and not with reference to the inclination or preparation of their parents for foreign journeyings. What our "wee Willie Winkie" wants is not the cathedrals of Salisbury and Cologne, but a few blocks and a drawing-master; not the Louvre and the Dresden Gallery, but some paint-boxes and some simple colored sketches of familiar scenes and objects. And surely Willie's father and mother, if they would give their time and thought to the task, could help their darling at home as he goes on step by step from kindergarten to college far better and with more permanent results than by attaching him to their sight-seeing party in distant Europe.

(To be continued.)